ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,
AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

Vol. XVIII. Philadelphia, June 15, 1839. Whole No. 933.

THE GOINGS FORTH OF GOD.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

God walks i' the earth. The pelting rills
And sluggish streams believe Him glance away,
Reposing in His strength. On the plains,
And sprigged fields, and in the sunny mead,
The living throngs of earth believe Him fail,
With the full lymph reserving from his hand
Immortal life and gladness. Clothed upon
With living green as the mountain herald's mead,
And made life a little too much like an Arabian tale
The brightness of his coming, and the power
Of His all-over liberality.
God smileth on the ocean.

The glassy waters reach like a mirror,
The surging billows and the gambolling storms
Cower to their wonted rest. The hoary deep,
And the green, gurgling sea stands, off in
The bosom of their treasures—pearls and shells,
And ever-wakeful dangers of the flashing foam,
A-dozing on the moonbeam's lazy sheen,
And coral dances of memories in the depths,
And gay fishes in the glass of the ocean.
God, in strength, is in the sky. From sun to sun,
From east to west the livid lightnings flash;
And rolls—though all spare proclaim
The grandeur of His strength—the awful voice
Of His omnipotence, so deep, so terrible profound,
Yet such the wondering concert of the spheres,
That in order true, with marshalling hosts
Of starry warriors, they followed o'er
Unwithdrawn fire that clears the lazy air,
And the flood of untrusted light,
Fly with the fire and wonder-working clouds
Back to man's ken, and deep in darkness.
God's strength is the heavens. Redolent stars,
Evolved from nothing. Around him all
Dread power, dominion, and the mighty thrones;
Angels of God—adoring millions—
With spirit and with song
Time, space, light, dominion, majesty,
Are but servitors to Jehovah's Throne.
Feet, rest, creation, eternal. Power exists!

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

Having stitched my tent, probably for the remainder of the night, in the neighborhood of Sleepy Hollow, I am tempted to give some account of the quiet little nook of land, more especially as it has room to spare, and is actually under the jurisdiction of my reverend friend and master, the sage historian of New York, Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker. The existence of the place has been hinted at in various works of this author, and in all such hints, and from the odd sound of the name, among the sonorous nomenclature of the Dutch settlements, I have readily conjectured the whole to be a fanciful creation, founded on some whimsical circumstances. I must confess that there is some appearance cautiously to conceal the truth, which has given the author credit for more invention than he really possesses. Indeed, I am rather inclined to believe, from the frankness with which he has owned up for the rest of his stories, that he has thought proper to draw a veil over this, lest the inquisitive should discover that the whole is not a fiction. Be this as it may, I have thought it my duty, as a conscientious traveller, to examine the place in person, and to ascertain, if possible, the truth of the matter. I have accordingly passed a week in the neighborhood, and have diligently explored every part of it, by chance, or design, that was at all likely to contain any thing mysterious or romantic. The result of my researches I shall proceed briefly to communicate; for I am not one of those who love to "spin a long yarn," and am apt to get impatient when others do so. I shall confine myself, therefore, to a few leading points, which I shall discuss in a plain, straightforward manner, as befits a person of my matter-of-fact habits and character.

I believe it will be generally admitted, by those who are acquainted with the topography of the valley of Sleepy Hollow, that the most picturesque part of it is that which lies immediately contiguous to the little village of Tarry Town. This is a sequestered, drowsy place, full of commotion at the present day, but which has been in a state of dozing tranquillity ever since the days of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller. It is situated on a beautiful bend of the river, where the sloop navigation is interrupted by a chain of rocks and whirlpools called the Tappan Zee, and lies directly opposite the Dutch village of Tappan, which is backed by a range of lofty mountains, that almost overhang it. Just above the village, the valley spreads into a broad basin, completely girdled with hills, excepting where the river finds its way through a rocky defile, and leaves a magnificent prospect of the Tappan Zee, and the mountains beyond. Here the voyager, who has descended the river with the favorable tide, which sweeps by Tarry Town with a force sufficient to hurry boats of all kinds along, without the aid of sail or oar, is frequently obliged to cast anchor, and wait for the turning of the tide. Here, too, the fishermen of Tappan, who have been plying their vocation all night, are fain to take in their sails, and lie at rest, or to labor heavily homeward against the current. Here, in short, the navigation of the river is brought to a pause, and presents a picture of repose that has a most soothing effect upon the mind, especially when contrasted with the surrounding bustle.

Behind the church, and overlooking the village, was originally a gentle declivity, but it has been twice scooped away, to furnish stone for filling up the road in front. Here were formerly a few scattered tombstones, which stood like solitary sentinels over the green mounds that covered the remains of their departed brethren. These have likewise been removed, and placed against the church wall, so that the dead have been disturbed a second time, to gratify the whim of the curious. Many of the grave-stones have been taken away by their owners, to serve as monuments in other churchyards, or to ornament their gardens; and a wag of the village has assured me that he has seen several of them bearing inscriptions totally different from the names of those beneath which they were originally placed. Indeed, I am sorry to say that this churchyard has been repeatedly violated by the sacrilegious arm of curiosity. Every summer brings with it pilgrims from the city, who seem to have no other object in view than to ramble about churchyards, and read the inscriptions on tombstones; until checked by the stern voice of the sexton.

Let me speak of the church. It stands on a grassy knoll, in the centre of the village, and is a venerable little pile, built in the early days of the province, and seems to have been copied, pretty much, after the manner of the churches of the Netherlands. It is a perfect square, with a door in front, and a circular window in each of the other sides. The door is divided transversely in the middle, so that the upper half may be opened in fine weather, to admit the light, while the lower half remains closed, to prevent the intrusion of cattle, which are apt to be very fond of cropping the grass in churchyards. The door opens into a kind of porch, which is furnished with a bench on each side, for the accommodation of the sexton and gravediggers, and for such of the congregation as may choose to lounge there during the sermon. Here, too, are deposited the implements of the sexton's office, namely, a shovel and pickaxe, which are thrown carelessly in one corner, as if to be out of the way, and are suffered to remain there, as I am told, from one end of the year to the other. The church is surmounted by a very tall, slender spire, which, in the present instance, is rendered more conspicuous by the contrast of a dark thunder-cloud, that is rolling behind it. The whole has a most venerable appearance, and carries me back, in imagination, to the days of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, when the Dutch inhabitants of the province, who had been accustomed to the high-roofed churches of Holland, were wont to assemble in little chapels, with steeples like pepper-boxes, and to doze away the sabbath in pews with boxes of live coals at their feet.

On entering the church, the changes of time continued to be apparent. The elders round the pulpit were men whom I had left in the cradle, and the boys in the gallery were those whom I had seen playing on the green. I was conscious of a certain degree of awkwardness, as I walked up the aisle, from the consciousness that I was the only stranger in the congregation. Instead of the fine garbs and powdered heads of the present day, I found the congregation arrayed in the primitive Dutch fashion. I beheld the hats and coats of fine cloth, with large metal buttons, and huge cuffs and collars, and a farmer here and there in his home-spun linsey-woolsey. The women, too, were dressed in the primitive Dutch fashion, I beheld the long waists, the scanty petticoats, and the full flattering of French ribbons.

When the service was ended, I sought the church-yard in which I had sported in my youthful days, and looked around for the old tombstones, on which I had so often played at "hop-scotch" and "chuck-farthing." They were all gone, and in their stead were others, of more modern date, recording the names and virtues of the heads of families, and the parishioners, who had been gathered to their fathers since I had left the village. Several of the modern tombstones were of white marble, with urns, and weeping willows, and other sculptured emblems of poetry, mark the intrusion of taste, and intimate the wealth of the Dutch neighborhood.

I was stumbling about among these silent yet eloquent memorials of the dead, I came upon the tomb of some of those who had paid the debt of nature during the time that I was absent from the village. I remembered, my companions of my youth, who had sported with me on the very tombstone which they were now mouldering over. I remembered, too, the funerals themselves, figuring in Sunday finery on the steps of the sanctuary, once arrayed in the holiday garb of life, but now decked in the rude trappings of death. I even read over the ill-timed mirth of the wits of the village, who had perhaps, at the time, been checked in their merriment by the presence of the corpse, but who had succeeded to the stand so much in awe. What struck my eyes most forcibly was the change in the female names. Those which I had left in the cradle, or which had been given to children since my departure, had all the modern Dutch fashion. I beheld a race of Hendricks, Williams, and Jacobuses, with their wives, Elizabeths, Sarahs, and Marias, succeeding to the Wilhelmuses, Balthazars, and Gertrudes, of former times, and seeming to bring back the days of my childhood. Here and there, indeed, I found an elder name, which had been suffered to exist through two generations, but it was almost always inscribed to some garrulous old woman, who had clung to it to the last, and who, I dare say, had been as talkative and as much respected in her day as Mistress Quickly herself.

Such, gentle reader, are the changes of time, and such the lesson it inculcates. Such is the amount of my researches in the churchyard of Sleepy Hollow. I shall now proceed to the church itself, and to the interior of the valley, which I shall do in my next number.

AUTUMN.

From the Comet.

SPECIMEN OF PERSIAN POETRY.

As day and night each other chase,
And bring new changes ever,
So autumn comes in summer's place,
For Nature paints never.

The dancing boughs of green that throw
Their young and spirited notes to heaven,
Are turned now with grief low,
And changed to sober hue.

Till, drooping, fading, dropping one by one,
The lofty song of the woods are gone!

The birds to mute on ev'ry bough,
No more their sweet lays their lovers;
Why should they tune their voices now
When all around is such sad flowers?

Well may their minstrel sadder grow,
The tree red leaf has left the rose.

The bell-bud wanders to and fro,
His wing is weak, his note is low;

In vain he wakes his song,
Some sad air would no long

No more shall perfume on the air around
Her hurdled leaves in odor send on the ground;
Of form solitary hard round,
The bloom is past, and only left the stem.
Where once amidst the blossoms was the gem,
Some time their daggers at his bleeding breast.

Bright self-love hurts the orange weare,
The vine drop purple from its tree,
The rose is come for gone to shew,
And make the morning piers run o'er.

With broken hearts, and tinges of sanguine dye,
Pomegranates, ripe and rich, fall lonely;
From ev'ry tree drop burning fruit and leaves!
And the last gush of the gushing stream recovers.

The ring-doves mourn, the bees neglect their sum,
The tan-finger! lily welcomes them no more,
For ev'ry thing tells us that lay's yellow hour,
Summer's sad hour is passed—Autumn is monarch now!

A Night's Adventure.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

In the autumn of the year 17—, a young English officer, I shall not mention his name, was quartered in Ireland, was in command of a troop of soldiers, and enjoying the pleasures of the chase, with a fine young dog and gun, he had frequently encountered, in the course of the day, the gentleman on whose estate he was shooting, and had been invited to dine with him; but as his eye could not wander from the landscape, and the sun was shining with unusual splendor, he only sent word that he would not be at home, and continued his sport. The evening was the increasing delight, the sun,

reached toward him. "I have been thanking God in my daughter's and Baron Arnim's behalf for their escape," said Baron Arnim, "but I am so very sorry! Dear Bettine, kneel down and thank God with us for our blessings with your own." Surprising strength seemed to have been given to the delicate child by the excitement. She sprang to the wind to the shore herself, and she recovered rapidly from her exhaustion.

Shortly after this she returned from Verona, fulfilling a liberty on the whole went of Goethe. Arnim came, and on the same evening, the same day, Bettine and Goethe met. Arnim's fellow student never relented the meeting. Perhaps at no period of her whole life was Bettine more truly loyal Albert's general officer whose heart he had won by his conduct in the events of Verona.

The hearers of these happy tidings immediately descended into the mines. As they approached the shaft, but the light which glimmered through some apertures in the shattered door, induced them to look in. Bettine was not there, but they found Goethe's servant and she recovered rapidly from her exhaustion.

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There were many beauties that sorrowed over the departures of the young Albert and his wife from the circles of Milan, but the most sincere mourner they had loved so long, had learned to love them, at a time when her own heart had known no change but their love and to hope; had learned from their kind words, to adorn, oh! much more than their beautiful countenance to shake off the dreadful bonds of despair, and deadly sin, and to find in them a friend and protector in her need.

The Empress herself long the order of the golden fleece round his neck, and gave into his hands a sword which he had before received; but as she did so, her hand fell upon the golden cross and the young officer kneed them off with quivering lips. But soon tears were wiped on the breast of his wife, when her young child swinging in her arms, and supported by the noble-minded general, who had been her husband's guide, a near approached. Bianca had no manner that she was a child of the world, or of the court, and no ready ornament adorned her simple dress. On a single rose had returned to be a jewelry and marble paleness, and a shadowy longer and remained, as her hair sings time; but for all the vitality which had already regained their soft common dye, and which, at no growth, continued her sense was "No done as high as the beautiful and braided tresses which she had worn a few years ago, when she was adorned only with a fresh chaplet of roses that once she had left in the room of the ball, or with a wreath of flowers). Every one was fixed on her, and the trembling Bianca could from the agitation of her heart, as the simple flowers descending from the Queen, Maria Theresa listened to her words (for she could kneel), and, kissing her with the affection of a lady and stranger friend, she let the trembling Bianca to the ground at the throne. There she stood in the sight of all, and looking to the Queen as she spoke, said, "This is the person whom we would all respect as the true representative of our country. This is the wife, ladies of Austria, whom I, your queen, hold as your example and model. This is the proud reminder for my subjects in the duties of a wife. Shall we for I am, to take and to learn from the false pleasures of vanity and splendor, and like her to act up, and bear her lords, to that high and great principle, which proves the nobility of a soul? Louis Arnim," continued the Queen, "your country may envy you your residence in the midst of Africa. May you long you have such a wife to be happy, with the task and wealth to which I now fully recognize you, as you were in the last of an Arnim minor."

THE SILK CULTURIST.

From the Jeffersonian.

SILK CULTURE.

As there is an interest in the culture of Silk, developing in this section of the county, and many have gone so far as to procure trees and cuttings of the Multicaulis and other varieties of the mulberry for feeding Silk worms, I wish to make a few remarks on the best mode of commencing the raising of the worm.

There are several varieties of the Silk-worm found in the United States, known by different names. They are the finish colored worm, the white worm, the mammoth six weeks worm, the three weeks or two crop worm, and Chew's imported three weeks worm. The two last will produce a second crop from eggs of the first crop the same season. The common three weeks worm has gone somewhat into disrepute among some of our Silk culturists, on account of the inferior size of the cocoon. I know nothing of the variety, having never reared it myself, but the latter kind I am pretty well acquainted, having raised two crops the last year. The eggs of the first crop were hatched from the time they were hatched. They are the product of one of the common three weeks worms in the state. The mammoth six weeks variety, by Mr. Anthony Chew, of Columbia. Penn, one of the most industrious silk and mulberry culturists in the United States. He having received the common three weeks worms and being dissatisfied with the size of the cocoon, and improvidently of the worm that they would produce no better, and accordingly was on the point of throwing them aside, when he brought to mind the experience of procuring them with the mammoth variety. The product he hatched out the same season, and from the cocoons of an unusual size. Several when strip of flax measured in circumference between one and 1/2 inches, and lengthened 2¼ inches in circumference. They were of a light shade of yellow. They were fed on the leaves of the Multicaulis. The cocoons that I raised the last season, were larger on an average than any I had raised for the last three years. They possess an advantage over the common kind by requiring less food and ending their eating three weeks sooner.

The greatest difficulty with beginners in the silk business, is, they are to eager to make a large crop, and therefore provide themselves with more eggs than they can manage, and consequently cannot procure as their leaves as they require large quantities of leaves, it becomes a tedious business. Not only this, they have to feed in limited space and when full grown are huddled together on the shelves in some small room, not large enough for half their numbers, and the want of room and fresh air, they become diseased and die. After death they soon putrify and fill the room with a disagreeable odor, so much so as to often cause sickness to the individual who attends on them. The new beginner gets discouraged and abandons the business entirely, or up as a bad job, and considers the Silk business a sickly occupation, and unprofitable; but the raising no such evil, if his own experience be true to encourage all who undertake it. If he would only commence a little, he would soon find the bad in himself, and that he had begun at the wrong end.

One who intends making a trial of raising Silk, without he has a plenty of room and an orchard of mulberry trees to feed from, should never try to raise more than 5000 or 6000 at first. He will find, before he gets through, that he has enough to "get his hands in." Those he can easily manage; but by not being a novice, he will have a vote more of his attention to observing the worm in its different ages, and gaining information from of its habits that will enable him to rear them unexceptionally the second season.

The reason I intend saving a few hundred thousand, having a warm room or two, if I can procure plenty of leaves. I shall have to depend mostly on wild trees for my foliage, as there is not enough Multicaulis raised here to supply the leaves.

From the Charleston Mercury.

ON THE INTRODUCTION OF THE SILK CULTURE.

Messrs. Editors—Will the making of Silk become sufficiently profitable to warrant its introduction, as a branch of agricultural labor? That is indeed the basis on which the success or failure of Silk culture must and will depend. It will of course avail nothing to show, that we possess a climate and soil every way favorable for making Silk, and that there will be a ready market for it when made, if it cannot also be shown that it will prove a profitable branch of industry.

We may start then with the general, but well known fact, that all countries that have cultivated Silk to any extent, have found it an extremely profitable business. What China and Italy—countries blessed by nature with soil and climate highly favorable to the production of all the most valuable staples of agriculture, so long have made Silk the most extensive staple, had it not been found profitable? In Italy and France the profits on labor and capital invested, are estimated at from 50 to 100 per cent. It will be more easy and cheap for us to succeed, in the rain what are the profits of Silk growing in the United States, from the testimony of Mallory?, and if it can be shown that Silk can be made profitably from the common Mulberry, the Chinese Mulberry, has produced a new era in the culture of Silk. In the Silk Manual, prepared by Richard Rush, Secretary of the United States, in obedience to a Resolution of Congress, in 1838, there is a statement of the profits from an acre planted with the White Mulberry. The statement is made by John Fitch, of Mansfield, Connecticut, from a piece where there was but one Silk worm raised than any other in the Union. Mr. Fitch states, that an acre of full grown trees will produce 40 lbs. of Silk. He estimates the labor as follows: Planting, 14 days; cutting and feeding, 30 days; reeling, 15 days; in all 59 days. He estimates the value of the Silk, in

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS

Corrected with care expressly for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

JUNE 13, 1839.

Loans.	Reimbursable.	Par.	Offered.	Asked.	Remarks.
Philadelphia 6 per cents.	1840	100	100¼	102¼	1st July & 1st Jan.
	1843	100	101¾	103	
	1846	100	101¾	103¼	
Do. 5 per cent.	1840	100	96¾	100	
	1846	100	96	100	
Do. 5 per cent.	1850	100	100	—	
	1853	100	100	—	
County,		100	100	—	
Pennsylvania 5 per cts.	1839	100	—	—	h'll yearly 1st Feb'ry & 1st Aug
	1841	100	99¼	100	
	1846	100	99¼	100	
	1850	100	99¼	100	
	1853	100	99¼	100	
	1854	100	99¾	101	
	1856	100	99¾	100	
	1858	100	99	100	
	1860	100	100	100	
	1861	100	100	106	
	1862	100	99¼	103	
	1865	100	100	103	
Ohio 6 per cents.	1850	100	100	103	
New Orleans do.	1850	100	100	—	Last 6 mos.
Bank Stocks.					Dividend.
United States,		100	119	119½	Jan. 4
North America,		400	404	405	Jan. 3
Pennsylvania,		400	475	490	Jan. 4
Philadelphia,		100	107½	108	May 4
Trenton,		30	33	37	Jan. 1.25 p.s.
Farmers and Mechanics,		50	57½	58	May 4
Camden,		50	46	47	April 3
Commercial,		50	60¼	60½	May 4½
Mechanics',		35	44¼	44¾	May 6
Northern Liberties,		35	50	51¼	May 5
Schuylkill,		50	46	46¼	May 3
Germantown,		50	58	60	May 3½
Southwark,		50	62	63	May 5
Kensington,		50	58	60	May 4½
Penn Township,		50	67	70	May 6
Girard,		50	49¾	49⅞	May 3½
Western,		50	51¼	51½	May 4
Manufacturers' & Mechanics',		50	53	55	May 4
Moyamensing Bank,		50	51¼	51¾	May 3
Moyamensing,		20	23	25	May 4
Miners' B'k of Pottsville,		50	40	45	May 3

[illegible]

topsy turvy, and plundered freely until the watch had retired from their last round, when they left the premises through the front door. This is but one of several robberies that have lately been committed in the same neighborhood.

Terrible Death.—We are informed that on Saturday last, a woman residing in Little Water street, between Lombard and South streets, *died of hunger;* her husband was a confirmed drunkard, and it was in consequence of her total want of all necessaries of life, which fact she had not made known to her neighbors, that she was reduced to a dying condition. Her situation was only discovered when all remedies were ineffectual. She has left five children to mourn her death.

Anthracite for Locomotives.—The Sunbury Gazette informs us that a new Locomotive engine, adapted to the use of anthracite coal as fuel, commenced running between Sunbury and the Shamokin mines last week. She was built by Messrs. Eastwick and Harrison, of Philadelphia, was placed upon the road last fall, and continued to perform her regular daily trips during the season, drawing heavy trains of coal cars, and using no other fuel than the anthracite of our region. The State is deeply interested in the success and extension of the coal trade, and should spare no efforts to introduce the use of coal upon the State roads.—*Pottsville Journal.*

Pennsylvania Improvements.—The tolls received on the Pennsylvania Canals, during the present season, that is, from the 20th of March to the 29th of May, are stated at $191,897 63.—The tolls received on the Allegheny and Columbia Rail-roads, for rail-way and motive power, during the same period, amounted to $195,518 41. Whole amount of receipts on the public works of Pennsylvania from 20th of March till 20th May, $387,416 04. Amount of receipts, during the same period last year, $344,059 82. Thus showing the increase of the receipts the present season, thus far, over the past, to be $43,356 22.

The Pittsburg Coal Region.—It would appear by Professor Rodgers's third report on the geology of Pennsylvania, that the finest bed of coal (bituminous) in the world is that, perhaps, of the Monongahela Valley, extending from Chesnut Ridge to Pittsburg, &c. [illegible]

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

[illegible]

Foreign Varieties.

[illegible]

AMUSEMENTS.

[illegible]

do.	Bank	Price	Par
3 do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	58¼	50
4 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank,	53	50
10 do.	Exchange Bank Pitts.	49	50
6 do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	84	100
80 do.	Louisville Bank,	95¼	100
81 do.	Kentucky Bank,	88¼a89¼	100
22 do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	96¼a96½	100
100 do.	N. O. Gas Bank,	18	30
25 do.	Grand Gulf Bank,	75	100
497 do.	Com. & R. R. do. Vicks.	51a56½	100
20 do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	104	100
35 do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	52¾a53	50
10 do.	Reading RR.	41a42	50
50 do.	Southern Loan,	22	20
50 do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	110¾a111	50
5 do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	43¼	35
8 do.	Girard Trust,	25	25

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM,

BENEFIT OF MR. JENKINS.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

Great Combination of Talent.

MR. JENKINS has the pleasure of announcing to his friends and the public that his Benefit will take place THIS EVENING, JUNE 13th, at the Grand Saloon of the PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM, to commence at a quarter past eight o'clock.

He has secured the valuable aid of MRS. and MR. WATSON, MR. QUAYLE, MISS WELLS, MR. RUTHERFORD, MISSES M. and R. SHAW, MR. SHAW, MR. NEWLAND, MR. SCHMANS, &c. &c.

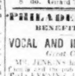
Mr. Jenkins trusts he will be enabled to produce such an entertainment as will prove satisfactory to a discerning audience.

For Programme see small bills.

The charge of admission to both Museum and Concert will be 25 cents—children half price. Or five tickets, if purchased during the day, for one dollar.

On Monday evening ROSINA SHAW'S Benefit, being the first she has ever taken [illegible]

MORUS MULTICAULIS



[illegible]

THE FUEL SAVINGS SOCIETY

[illegible]

RELEASE OF A STATE PRISONER.

[illegible]

A HANDSOME GIFT.

[illegible]

TURNIP SEEDS.

[illegible]

SILK REELING.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.				
JUNE, 1839.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
15 SATURDAY,	4 35	7 25	5 42	
16 SUNDAY,	4 35	7 25	6 28	
17 MONDAY,	4 35	7 25	7 11	D. H. M.
18 TUESDAY,	4 35	7 25	7 51	
19 WEDNESDAY,	4 35	7 25	8 31	Last 4 6 36
20 THURSDAY,	4 36	7 25	9 10	New 11 9 41
21 FRIDAY,	4 35	7 25	9 51	First 18 5 0
22 SATURDAY,	4 35	7 25	10 32	Full 26 6 50

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives at	8 A. M.	Eastern closes at	5 P. M.
Southern,	3 to 5 P. M.	Southern closes at	1 A. M.
Western,	9 & 7 P. M.	Western at 2 P. M.	& 6 A. M.

MARRIAGES.

On the 13th May, by the Rev. Mr. Brainard, Mr. WILLIAM R. VALLEAU, to Miss EDITH ANN BIDDLE, youngest daughter of Danl. Biddle, all of the city.

At Friends' Meeting House, in Wilmington, on the 6th inst. ELLWOOD GARRETT, to CATHERINE K. WOLLASTON, all of that city.

Also, at the same time and place, ALBERT W. SMITH, to ELIZABETH WOLLASTON, all of that city.

At Friends' Meeting House, East Marlborough, on 4th day, the 22d ult. CALVIN TAGGART, of Londongrove, to SARAH K. BETTS, formerly of the city of Wilmington.

At Trenton, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Starr, JOHN L. TAYLOR, M. D. to Miss LYDIA BARNES, daughter of Isaac Barnes, Esq. all of that city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Chas. W. Gardner, Mr. NATHANIEL FOX, to Miss ELIZABETH E. PELTZ.

On the 5th inst. before Samuel Black, Esq. with Friends' ceremony, JOHN W. C. EVANS, M. D. to MARTHA D. daughter of Joseph N. Gibbs, all of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 5th inst. at Friends' Meeting House, on 12th street, PHILIP BROWN CHASE, to GULIELMA MARIA, daughter of Isaac Collins, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, 5th inst. by the Right Rev. Dr. Delancey, AUGUSTUS MILLER, of Elkton, Md. to MARTHA, daughter of the Rev. Jas. Abercrombie.

In Baltimore, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Backus, Mr. CHAS. A. MILTENBERGER, of Pittsburgh, to HENRIETTA F. daughter of Geo. T. Dunbar, Esq. of that city.

In Baltimore, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. John Haesbaert, JOHN WILHELM, to MAGDALENE BARDER, [illegible]

DEATHS.

[illegible]

STOP THE RUNAWAY!

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on the 22d May, WILLIAM [illegible], an indented apprentice to the PRINTING BUSINESS. He is about eighteen years of age, dark complexion, short, thick set, black hair and eyes, and of a down look. It is not known what kind of clothing he had on when he left, as he received the money due him for clothing the day before he decamped. All persons are forbid harboring or trusting said boy at their peril. The above reward will be paid to any person returning him to the subscriber.

SAMUEL C. ATKINSON,
3½ Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

Editors with whom we exchange will please insert the above.

Just Published,

THE CASKET

AND

PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE, FOR JUNE.

Embellished with a superior Steel Engraving, representing the SURF AT MADRAS.

CONTENTS.

Madras, illustrating a splendid engraving on Steel; Battle Song of the Invaded; The Love of Fame; Woman's Sufferings; The Bridegroom's Dream, by Mrs. Crawford; Blue-Stockings, by Jeremy Short, Esq.; Lines for an Album; The Falls of Ohiopyle; Sonnet, from the Politics of Adam Wickiewicz; English Smugglers; Harry Woodruff; Song, by C. Wolfe; The Velvet Gown, a Tale of a Very Great Ball; The Invitation; Insurance and Assurance; The Partner, by William Motherwell; The Picture; Catharine of Lancaster, or the Tournament of Lords; Farewell to Mary, by John Clare; Jack O'Farrell's Bride; I'd be a Spirit; The Lily Hand; Lines; The Spot where I was Born (set to Music); Review of New Books.

THE JULY NUMBER.

The July number will begin a new volume, and will present a new type, a finer paper and a better page.—The literary contents will be much improved but it does not become the editors to boast. They are proud however, to rank among their correspondents, several distinguished literary gentlemen, communications from several of whom are already on file. Among the pieces to appear in this number, is the first of a series of Sea-Sketches, entitled "Cruising in the Last War"—a humorous sketch by a new correspondent, Oliver Oldfellow, Yeoman—number one of "Leaves from a Lawyer's Port Folio"—and the continuation of "The Lily Hand," of our esteemed correspondent Lenox. We can likewise promise a beautiful piece of poetry from Miss C. H. Waterman; with [illegible] from J. S. Du Solle, Esq. and a [illegible]

BYBERRY INSTITUTE.

[illegible]

OBSTRUCTION.

[illegible]

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS.

[illegible]

SANDS' REMEDY FOR SALT RHEUM.

[illegible]

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, 79 Fulton street, N. E. corner of Gold street, and 100 Fulton, corner of William street, and sold also by most of the respectable Druggists in the United States.

It may be had, wholesale and retail, at the proprietor's prices, of Dr. JAYNE, Agent, No. 20 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. Price $1. je 1—3m

WANTED,

A LAD, who writes an expeditious and legible hand—one accustomed to packing newspapers preferred.—Apply at this office. ap 27—tf

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

[illegible]

WILLIAM CLINTON,
JAMES CLINTON.

[illegible]

WILLIAM CLINTON.

MORUS MULTICAULIS.

[illegible]

CHARLES CADWALLADER.

A GOOD SCHOOL TEACHER WANTED,

[illegible]

BENJAMIN ROGERS,
[illegible] HOLLAWAY,
EDWARD BOUND,
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je 13—3t*

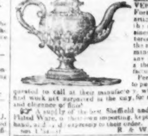
WETHERILL & BROTHER,

Chemists and Colormen.

[illegible]

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY.

South-West corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.



THE subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufacturing prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and [illegible] expressly to their order.

R. & W. WILSON.

[illegible] MAMMOTH

WHITE SILK WORM EGGS.

SILK growers who are about commencing operations on the Morus Multicaulis, will find it to their advantage to secure the above article, as it depends in a great measure upon the variety of the worm, whether the silk business succeeds or not. The variety was imported from France, in 1837, since which time it has been reared with success, free from disease, and greatly improved, requiring last season only two hundred and eighty cocoons for the pound—and reeling one pound of silk from seven pounds of cocoons. The above article in a perfect state of preservation, may be procured by applying at [illegible] Market street. je 8—6t

THE OLIO.

Variety's the Spice of Life, That gives it all its flavour.

UNIVERSAL COMPLAINT AMONGST FLESH, FISH AND FOWL.

Fat oxen live, the butchers frown, the drovers growl and quake,
And all the citizens in town declare there's some *mistake.*
And when the customers depart from all the butchers' shops,
They hang their jaw, and you'll observe they're *sheepish in their chops.*
And many find that good roast beef, so very scarce of late is,
That they're resolv'd to dine upon a *joint of roast potatoes.*
And then again, the spruce young men, do say upon their word,
That though the ladies they do love, a *rib* they can't afford.
While some forsooth have lost their *pluck*, in having had to part,
With what they us'd to fancy much, a very nice *sweet heart.*
And many a fine young buck and doe, are made to disappear,
And all who buy them say at once, that they are monstrous *dear.*
While hogs are grunting hard, and must our sympathies awaken,
Because, now, from the slaughtering knife, they cannot save their *bacon.*
And chickens, geese, and canvas-backs, are all oblig'd to say,
That they are forc'd to join a game, and witness much *foul* play.
And crabs and terrapins besides, are almost boiling hot,
For sad experience daily tells them, they must go to *pot.*
And then the shad are very mad, and look most awful *scaly,*
Because *old wives* take up their knives, and sacrifice them daily.
And all the frogs that haunt the bogs, as nightly on they croak,
Do not conceal they're *minc'd for veal*, which is above a joke.
While dogs and cats, and mice and rats, have got a strong suspicion,
That they may soon be sacrific'd, and made a medley dish on.
And if on rumors and reports, the public may rely,
It's thought this *roasting's* been effected by one Mr. *Fry.*
And when the fall of cattle, and its ready sale begins,
That though he may not break his neck, he'll surely *hurt* his *shins.*
So may the people ne'er want *pluck*, in city or in town,
And force these great monopolists, to *drive* their cattle *down.*

SQUIB.

"What are you *hollering* for when I am riding by," said a purse proud nabob to a saucy urchin in the street. "Humph! what are you a *riding by* for when I am hollering?" was the quick reply.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—A half-fledged bardling sent us the other day the following lines. For the benefit of posterity we publish them, and call attention to their peculiar merit.—*Times.*

When weary I are,
I smoke my cigar,
And as the smoke rises,
And gets into my *eyeses,*
I think of thee, dearest,
And oh, how I sighses!

FELIX.

AN ELOQUENT TRUTH.—It has been beautifully said, that the heart is woman's dominion. Her gentle culture has kept many of those rugged places green, where sterner laborers might have left them sterile and blossomless.

CLIMAX.—A lecturer on the history of chemistry, thus described the celebrated Mr. Boyle: "He was a great man, he was the father of modern chemistry, and the brother of the Earl of Cork."

"*No Change.*
They bid me seek on Ganges' strand
A wealthy man to be!
But, were I in a foreign land,
They find no *change* on me."

QUACKERY.—"Ma'am," said a quack to a nervous old lady, "your case is a scrutunturury complaint."—"Pray doctor, what is that?"—"It is the dropping of the nerves, ma'am, the nerves having fallen into the pizarintum, the chest becomes morberous, and the head goes tizartizen, tizartizen."—"Ah! doctor," exclaimed the old lady, "you have described my feelings exactly."

From the Musical Gazette.

"OPEN YOUR MOUTHS."

Singing Master.—I always detest a mumbler. My father once took a boy, one John Pod, from the Alms House to bring up, and the only trouble we had with John was, that he was an everlasting mumbler, speaking lazily and lubberly, as if he had too much pudding in his mouth. His manner was after this sort, viz:

Father—Have you driven up the cows, John?
John—Rareubaur.
Father—What do you *say*, John? Speak distinctly.
John—Rareubaur.
Father—Hear me now, John Pod, and speak as I do. *They are up Sir.*
John—Rareubaur.

My father could get nothing else, and so gave up the point.

One Sunday morning my mother undertook to hear him read.

Mother—Here, John, take the book and begin where it says: We will reason by analogy, &c.
John—Will Ree's son by Anna Logy.
Mother—Stop, stop, John, for mercy's sake, and go no further. Let me hear you sing, John; I understand you can sing very well. Let me hear you sing Sweet home.
John—Meed plezhahus and palusus thou eimarum, Betaver sawrumble thure nau plez'loik a-hum.
Mother—Enough, John, you may go.

SCENE IN A SUCKER COURT.—The Illinoisian tells the following amusing story of a scene that occurred during the sitting of one of the Illinois Circuit Courts:

A constable that had lately been inducted into office was in attendance on the court, and was ordered by the judge to call John Bell and Elizabeth Bell.—He immediately began at the top of his lungs, John Bell and Elizabeth Bell—"one at a time," said the judge.

"One at a time, *one at a time*, ONE AT A TIME," shouted the constable.

"Now you've done it," exclaimed the judge out of patience.

"*Now you've done it*, NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, NOW YOU'VE DONE IT," yelled the constable. There was no standing this; the court, bar, and bystanders, broke into a hearty laugh, to the perfect surprise and dismay of the astonished constable.

We like to see men attend to their business first, pleasure afterward.

HAPPINESS.

There is one point that may need to be enforced upon the attention of parents, in planning out the path of life for their children, and that is, that happiness usually depends less on one's vocation and upon the success with which it is pursued, that upon a proper balance of responsibility. If a man is so situated as to hope for nothing, he is of course miserable. The father who toils to place his child beyond care, toils for his child's wretchedness. We all need to be hoping or fearing, and this cannot be but by taking upon ourselves some risk or some responsibility, so that by exertion we may attain the goal desired or escape the evil threatened. It is the just balance of this responsibility that constitutes good fortune; a balance which excites us to steady action, with cheerful hopes of success and moderate fear of failure. Whoever is thus situated, be he rich or poor in the vale of obscurity or the temple of fame, is as happy as the lot of humanity permits. He who is called upon to exercise neither of the great passions of the soul, hope or fear, whether he is above or below the stirring breath of fortune, usually becomes the subject of ennui, despondency or hypochondria, his bosom engendering "vile thoughts and creeping miseries," as the depths of a stagnant lake become infested with reptiles of every form. It is he who is wrought into activity by the gentle force of changeful passions, whose breast is like the flowing wave, reflecting bright images on the surface, and holding fair forms within.—*Fireside Education.*

A VERMONT REPARTEE.—A recruiting officer whispered to a rosy-cheeked damsel, as she was putting on her bonnet at the close of a quilting party, "will you allow me to accompany you home?"

"No, sir, I am engaged," said she, in a loud tone, so as to give notoriety to the transaction.

"You miss it most prodigiously," said the military wag, "for I've got both pockets full of gingerbread."

The Chicago American says that Ellen Tree is a *laurel* tree, bringing regret wherever she *leaves.*

Thursting is the name of a tavern-keeper at the West. It would be enough to make a traveller *dry* to read his sign.

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—I feel that repeated afflictions come not as lightnings on the scathed tree, blasting it yet more; but as the strokes of the sculptor on the marble block, forming it to the image of life and loveliness. Let but the divine presence be felt, and no lot is hard. Let me but see his hand, and no event is unwelcome.—*Howard Malcom.*

GERMAN BANDITS.

The southern and western parts of Swabia have been this winter infested by a numerous band of robbers and swindlers, under a leader named Baarfuss, whose exploits have been of a daring description. According to the information laid before the magistrates, the murders, robberies, and other offences of this band, amount to five hundred and ninety-six. Baarfuss, before he was discovered, used to parade the town of Neisse, in a splendid landau, dressed in the height of fashion. When he left that place he carried away with him jewels to the value of 37,580 francs, of which he had swindled a jeweller; and, at Patichkau, seduced the daughter of a rich brewer, whom he prevailed to run away with him, taking with her jewels, notes, and bills belonging to her father, to a considerable amount. This ill-gotten wealth he squandered with great prodigality. He kept a young actress at Patichkau, to whom he presented a rich set of diamonds, and allowed 15,000 francs a month. In every town and village he used to deposit large sums in the charity-boxes, and when he met a priest on the road, he used to give him money for the relief of his indigent parishoners. He has been at length arrested by the Bailiff of Johannisberg. He is represented as a tall, handsome man, about thirty-five years of age, with black hair, and a countenance expressing great energy and acuteness. His manners are polite, and his language is said to denote a good education.

DEATH OF A CAMEL.

About the middle of the day, as usual, the sheik rode ahead, and striking his spear in the sand, he had coffee prepared before we came up. While we were sitting around the spear, two of the camels so far forgot the calm dignity of their nature and of their staid, quiet habits, as to get into a fight; and one of them, finding himself likely to come off second best, took to his heels, and the other after him; they were baggage camels, one being charged with my boxes of provisions and housekeeping apparatus, and his movements indicated death to the crockery. I will not go into particulars, for eggs, rice, maccaroni, and lamp oil make a bad mixture; and though the race and fight between the loaded camels were rather ludicrous, the consequence was by no means a pleasant thing in the desert.

The next morning we had another camel scene, for one of the combatants was stretched upon the sand, his bed of death. The Bedouins had examined him, and satisfied the hand of death was upon him they left him to breathe his last alone. The camel is to the Arab a treasure above all price. He is the only animal by nature and constitution framed for the desert, for he alone can travel several days without eating or drinking. Every part of him is useful; his milk is their drink, his flesh their food, and his hair supplies materials for their rude garments and tents. Besides this, the creature is domesticated with the Bedouin, grows up in his tent, feeds from his hand, kneels down to receive his burden, and rises as if glad to carry his master, and, in short, is so much a part of a Bedouin's family, that often in speaking of himself the Bedouin will say that he has so many wives, so many children and so many camels. All these things considered, when this morning they knew that the camel must die, I expected, in a rough way, something like Stern's picture of the old man and his ass. But I saw nothing of the kind; they left him in the last stages of his struggle with the great enemy with as much indifference, I was going to say, as if he had been a brute; and he was a brute; but it was almost worth a passing tear to leave even a brute to die alone in the desert; one that we knew, that had travelled with us, and formed part of our little world; but the only lament the sheik made was, that they had lost twenty dollars, and we left him to die in the sand. I could almost have remained myself to close his eyes. The vultures were already hovering over him, and once I went back and drove them away; but I have no doubt that, before the poor beast was dead, the horrid birds had picked out his eyes, and thrust their murderous beaks into his brain.—*Stevens's Incidents of Travel.*

THE EMERALD ISLE.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Far, far o'er the waves of the blue glancing waters,
Sweet Erin, my country, I wander to thee,
Thy free hearted sons and thy bright smiling daughters
Are calling me home o'er the wild swelling sea.
My heart has gone out like a wild bird before me,
And rests on thy shore, as I linger the while,
To bless the bright heaven that sweetly shines o'er me
And the bark that is nearing the Emerald Isle.

Yes, Erin, green Erin, tho' long years have whiten'd
The dark shaking lock that hung over my brow,
Yet closer in fondness the cords have they tighten'd
Of the heart that is yearning to be with thee now.
I fancy I grasp the brave hand of my brother,
I see the glad light of a sister's fond smile,
I stand in the hall of my father and mother,
Who welcome me back to the Emerald Isle.

Oh! land of the grateful—where every emotion
Of kindness is fostered, of friendship sincere,
Where every breast, in its loyal devotion,
Would barter its life's blood to spare thee a tear.
Oh! beautiful land, whose sunny eyed daughters
Wear hearts on their lips, that have never known guile.
I hasten to thee, o'er the far swelling waters,
My home, and my country, the Emerald Isle.

SINGULAR ESCAPE FROM AN ALLIGATOR.

A boy from town lying on one of the southern rivers, while bathing, was attacked by one of these "ugly insects," (as they were laughingly termed by an "ancient mariner" of our acquaintance.) The advances of the monster were unforeseen. A shout from the companions of the endangered youth failed to warn him from the spot, and—my blood freezes while I write—he rushed into the very jaws of the water demon before him. Oh God! what an awful moment to the young spectators was that? They saw their young companion struggling in the waves, his head locked in the very jaws of the enemy. The combatants sank. With admirable adroitness the youth seized the alligator by the eye-brows, forcing the balls instantly from the sockets. With a fiendish howl the monster relaxed his hold and retreated to the bottom of the river, while the unlucky youth, blinded and drenched with blood, staggered to the shore. This is no fancy sketch. It occurred about five years ago, near Darien, in Georgia, at a place called Cat Head, a small stream which empties into Altamaha river. The lad referred to above is now living in our city, well and hearty. We saw him a day or two ago. He often speaks of the adventure and the "tussel" he had to get clear of his Alligatorship. Other encounters of this kind have been communicated to us.—*Darien (Georgia) Herald.*

From the Chicago Democrat.

A FOX RIVER HEROINE.

Ladies, unmarried ones, of no certain age, it is said, are noted for being excellent hunters. We are not prepared, nor have we the disposition to question the truth of the proverb. Be that as it may, a scene occurred the other day, which proves conclusively that hunting is neither confined to the ladies aforesaid, nor the particular kind of game they seek to capture. A young lady, wee, young and fair, and "blooming as the flower of the prairie in May," was lately the heroine of a feat which the more hardy sportsmen might justly envy, and which even an eastern city belle, with all her feminine refinements might be constrained to admit shared more of the romantic than the barbarous.

A noble buck came bounding by her father's house, near the window at which she was, and which overlooked Fox River. A powerful dog was sleeping by the fire side. So rare a chance was not to be lost.—The door opened, and away went lass and dog who passed her like lightning in pursuit. The poor affrighted deer, (and bolder hearts have been daunted at the approach of a pretty girl) dashed furiously on toward the bank of the river, which at this place arose fifteen or twenty feet perpendicular. Away flew the trio,—the buck leading the van, and last, not least, our fair huntress. A moment brought the deer to the edge of the precipice. Finding itself so hotly pursued, and seeing retreat impossible, it plunged over and fell stunned on the ice below. Our fair sportsman soon came up, and after much ado, prevailed upon "Tray" to descend the bank and seize upon the noble prey until she could come to the rescue. A circuitous path soon brought her to the scene of action, where with the assistance of the dog she succeeded in despatching the ill-fated buck.

FRENCH SERVANTS.

It is strange to observe the superiority of manner which the lower classes in France possess over the same class with us. Every person in humble life with whom I have been brought in contact at this side of the water has that conventional good breeding only found with us among the upper classes and not always with them. Every French man and woman can bow and courtesy gracefully, enter and leave a room without embarrassment, and turn their conversation a sort in a deferential or complimentary manner, as occasion requires. Yet, the servants are far inferior to ours in that calm and regular discharge of their duties which mark the conduct of a well ordered establishment.—The position of a French servant is that of one member of society to a person more elevated than himself. * * The servants in the provinces subscribe to buy a rich bouquet, and a large cornucopia of *bonbons*, which they present with a letter, expressive of their attachment, signed by each individual of the establishment, to the mistress of the chateau, on *le jour de Fete*, and the anniversary of her birth day. There is something affectionate and touching in this custom, which is a proof of the good feeling existing between masters and servants. No where is servitude rendered so easy and agreeable as in France; the masters taking a lively interest in the welfare of their domestics, rebuke any symptom of extravagance which they may exhibit, and assist them with their advice in the management of their private affairs, or in the establishment of their children whenever they deem it necessary. The mistress of a house regulates the dress and expenditure of her female servants, is often requested by them to buy their habiliments, and will bargain and chase the price, a thing, that such or such sum is too much to charge a servant. The servants repay this kindness by considering the house of their employers as a home, only to be forfeited by ill conduct; and not murmuring at, or attempting to infringe on the system of economy established. In short, they look on the fortune of their employers as a fund in which they have a common interest: they do not calculate on the prospect of finding a richer or more extravagant master, nor do they dread being discharged, unless they behave ill. This mutual confidence begets a species of familiarity more like friendship than that distant behaviour which exists in England, between master and servant; but, as the French understand each other, it is never meant nor mistaken for impertinence; although we are sometimes somewhat surprised, if not shocked, at witnessing it. A French lady of the highest rank will call her maid, *ma chere*, and a French nobleman will tell his valet, or laquais, that he is *un bon enfant* or *un bon garçon*, without thinking it indecorous.—*The Idler in Italy, by the Countess of Blessington.*

COMMODORE PREBLE.

In Cooper's Naval History of the United States is the following anecdote of Commodore Preble, illustrative of some points in the character of that distinguished Naval officer:

"Commodore Preble was a man of high temper and a rigid disciplinarian. At first he was disliked in his own ship—the younger officers in particular, feeling the effects of his discipline, without having yet learned to respect the high professional qualities for which he afterward became so distinguished. One night when the Constitution was in the Straits of Gibraltar, she suddenly found herself along side of a large ship.—Some hailing passed without either party's giving any answer. Commodore Preble, who had taken the trumpet himself now told the name and country of his ship, and his own rank. He then demanded the name of the stranger, adding that he would fire a shot unless answered. "If you fire a shot I'll return a broadside," was the reply. Preble sprang into his mizzen rigging, applied the trumpet and said, "this is the United States ship Constitution, a 44, Commodore Preble, I am about to hail you for the last time, if not answered, I shall fire into you. What ship is that?" "This is His Britannic Majesty's ship Donegal, a razee of 60 guns." Preble told the stranger he doubted his statement, and should lie by him till morning in order to ascertain his real character. He was as good as his word, and in a short time a boat came from the other vessel to explain. It was an English frigate, and the Constitution had got so suddenly and unexpectedly alongside of her, that the hesitation about answering and the fictitious name had proceeded from a desire to gain time in order to clear the decks and get to quarters.

"'The spirit of Commodore Preble on this occasion,' says Cooper, produced a very favorable impression in his own ship. The young men pithily remarked, that if he was wrong in his temper he was right in his heart."

LIFE IN MALTA.

The ease with which mere animal life may be sustained in Malta, tends to encourage early marriages; and according to Mr. Badger's "*Description of Malta and Gozo*," this barren rock is more densely peopled than any, the most favored country in Europe; the same extent of surface, he observes, which in England supports 153 souls, contains in Malta nearly eight times that number. This ease is shown in a saying common there, that a man may dine on fish, flesh, and fowl for a half penny; and this is not so extravagant as might be imagined. The difficulty is to get the half penny. The necessaries and even luxuries are so cheap, and money so scarce, that a shop-keeper will not refuse some portion of cooked meat even for a single grain—that is, the sixth part of a half penny. What toil and exertion are often gone through to obtain that single grain, is known to every one who has chanced to put into the port of Valetta. There are boys, and we believe men, who gain a livelihood by diving for oysters and other shell fish, or articles which may have fallen overboard from the ships. No sooner does a vessel arrive than a boat-load or two of these naked striplings come under the stern, and there they will remain through a summer's day throwing up their arms and bobbing down their head, to induce the looker-on to toss over a half penny, accompanying their significant gestures with "Heave for a dive, captain, heave." The moment the miserable coin is thrown into the water, a whole shoal of them instantly plunge headlong after it, and one or the other never fails to make prize of it long before it reaches the bottom; and eager struggles may often be seen at considerable depths under the water, as to who shall retain the spoil. This is a sort of sport and pastime at other places, but at Malta it is a trade. From a little luck in this way does many a Maltese boatman date the beginning of his fortunes, and at this very time there is in Valetta harbor a well known man, who saved enough from these halfpenny dives to purchase a boat, and in remembrance of the circumstance he has christened her "Heave for a dive," which is blazoned forth in large letters upon her stern.

LOVE AND MATRIMONY.

Many a lover will thank the editor of the Knickerbocker for the savory lump from the dish of "pot luck," which occupies so large a share of his table in the last number:—

"Now there may be some readers, who have outlived the memory of their youthful loves, or else have never had any, who consider all tales and songs of the tender passion as just so much "nonsense trash." Such men, (and women if there be any) are greatly to be pitied, and pity is akin to contempt. Keep ever alive, oh reader! your "memories of the heart;" and be not ashamed to write or speak that which springs from the divinity within us—for God is love. We admire those who hesitate not to recall with rapture, even when descending the down-hill of life, the first faint radiance of an early kindled flame, and its steady advance to a consuming fire; the stolen interview, the secret billets, the longing letters; the watching for the glimmer of light in her distant apartment, for full many a night, when none but the pale stars were looking down upon the summer's sward or the winter's snow; and thrice blessed moment; when all doubt vanished, all aspirations realised, that found the girl, placed her soft warm hand in his; when with wild audacity, he clasped her to his bosom; when for the first time, their lips were joined, and their two souls, like dew drops, rushed into one. O, how many thousands will this be the experience, before these pages shall become forgotten records! How will even aversion melt to faint pity, and ridicule be transformed into admiration, and admiration into love! "Delicate girl," wrote a keen observer of human nature, many years ago, "delicate girl, budding into womanly loveliness, whose heart for the last ten minutes has been trembling behind the snowy walls of the fair and beautiful bosom, hast thou never remarked and laughed at an admirer, for the *mauvaise honte* with which he hands to thee a book or thy cup of half watered souchong? Laugh not at him again, for he will assuredly be thy husband. Yes he will tremble for a few months more, as he stands beside the music stool, and join no others in the heartless mockery of their praises; but when every voice which has commended thy song, is hushed, and every note which thou hast clothed in ethereal music, is forgotten by all beside, to him it will be a theme to dream upon in his loneliness; and every look which thine eye vouchsafed to him, will be laid up as a sacred and holy thing, in the inmost sanctuary of his secret soul.—Thou wilt see, in a short time, that the tremulousness of his nerves is only observable, when his tongue is faltering in his address to thee; pity will enter into thy gentle heart, and thyself wilt sometimes turn the wrong page in thy book of song, and strike the wrong note on thy piano, when thou knowest that his ears are drinking in thy voice, and his eyes following thy minutest action. Then will he, on some calm evening, when the sun is slowly sinking behind the west, tell thee he must indeed be miserable; that thou art the one sole light which has glowed and glittered upon life's dull stream."

RUINS.

The Ruins of Rome! The overthrow or decay of mighty human power is, of all thoughts that can enter the mind, the most affecting. The whole imagination is at once stirred by the prostration of that, round which so many high associations have been collected for so many ages. Beauty seems born but to perish, and fragility is seen and felt to be inherent in it by a law of its being. But power gives stability, as it were to human thought, and we forget our own perishable nature in the spectacle of some abiding and enduring greatness. Our own little span of years—our own confined region of space, are lost in the endurance and far-spread dominion of some mighty state—and we feel as if we partook of its deepest and most triumphant strength. When, therefore, a great and ancient empire falls into pieces, or when fragments of its power are heard, in the sad conviction of our souls rent asunder like column after column departing from some noble edifice, we feel as if all the cities of man were built on foundations beneath which the earthquake slept. The same doom seems to be impending over all the other kingdoms that still stand; and in the midst of such changes, and decays, and overthrows—or as we read of them of old—we look, under such emotions, on all power as foundationless, and in our wide imagination embrace empires covered only with the ruins of their desolation. Yet such is the pride of the human spirit, that it often unconsciously, under the influence of such imagination, strives to hide from itself the utter nothingness of its mightiest works. And when all its glories are visibly crumbling into dust, it creates some imaginary power to overthrow the fabrics of human greatness—and thus attempts to deprive a kind of mournful triumph even in its very fall. Thus when nations have faded away in their sins and vices, rotten at the heart and palsied in all their limbs, we strive not to think of that sad eternal decay, but imagine some mighty power wasting empires and cutting short the records of mortal magnificence. Thus, Fate and Destiny are and in imagination to lay our glories low. Thus, even the calm and silent air of oblivion, has been thought of as an unsparing power. Time, too, though in moral sadness wisely called a shadow, has been clothed with terrific attributes, and the sweep of his scythe has, in imagination, shorn the towery diadem of cities. Thus the mere sign in which we expire, has been changed into active power—and all nations with one voice called out "Death!" And while mankind have sunk, and fallen, and disappeared in the helplessness of their own mortal being, we have still spoken of powers arrayed against them—powers that are in good truth only another name for their own weakness. Thus imagination is forever fighting against truth—and even when humbled, her visions are to her a living—consuming even among the sad scenes of her own immortality.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

BRIDAL FEELINGS.

The entire change of character effected by the ceremony which had so recently been performed, the entire alteration of the duties of life produced by the sacred rite, the vast futurity opening to her view, so different in its nature from the days that were passed; the entire surrender of herself to an authority which the day before she did not acknowledge, and the abandonment, to a certain extent, of that exclusive obedience which a few hours previously she implicitly yielded to her father; the whole combination of circumstances, the balance between perfect happiness and something less than happiness, the apprehension, the doubt, the dread, the joy, the sorrow,—for they all mingle in the heart of a bride at the moment when she hears the carriage door close upon herself and her husband, and finds herself, for the first time in her life confided to the care, the protection, and the love of an alien to her blood, [illegible] deeply and intensely felt: and the pang which rent her heart as she received her fond father's parting kiss, the last of those kisses of devoted affection which were hers while she [illegible]

[illegible]

THE DEAD.

[illegible]

SEARCHING OPERATION.

[illegible]

THE COUSINS.

[illegible]

THE LAND FAR AWAY.

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Published every Saturday, By Samuel Coate Atkinson, No. 36 Carter's Alley.

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